

END OF BASEBALL?

—Thomas F. Curley

THE
Commonweal

**RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM
IN AMERICA**

A Symposium

THE CATHOLIC PRESS Donald McDonald

THE JEWISH PRESS Arthur A. Cohen

THE PROTESTANT PRESS Arthur J. Moore, Jr.

***A Discussion of the Impact of
Religious Publications on the General Public***

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THE Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

—week by week—

LITTLE ROCK AND THE FUTURE

WE HAVE in recent weeks written several times about the crisis in Arkansas. We return to it again deliberately. Little Rock represents the most serious constitutional issue this nation has faced in many decades. And the interracial situation it reflects represents on the domestic front the most pressing moral question our society is called upon to face.

In so far as the Little Rock situation can be symbolized by two men, President Eisenhower and Governor Faubus, we are with the President. Indeed, we do not see how we could take any other stand. We do not like intervention by Federal troops. We do not think anyone else does either. But this feeling should not be allowed to obscure the facts that made the use of troops inevitable.

Integration was not hurried in Little Rock. It had been planned for by the local school board, and planned with care. The Federal court there had ordered the school board to proceed with its plans, and local officials had no doubt that the handful of Negro children would be absorbed in the school without any great trouble.

At that point Governor Faubus began to talk about possible violence. He cited no evidence that such violence was in the making before he intervened, and he has been able to cite none since. If he believed that violence impended, his duty might have been to dispatch the National Guard. This he did, however, not to prevent violence but to keep the orders of the Federal court from being carried out.

Throughout this affair, President Eisenhower consistently leaned over backward. Despite the fact that Governor Faubus was defying a Federal court, President Eisenhower met with him at Newport. Afterward, despite the impression he must have given Mr. Eisenhower about his future intentions,

Governor Faubus did not order the National Guard to admit the Negro children. Instead, he withdrew the troops completely. In the atmosphere of tension and violence he had himself created, the result was almost inevitable.

When the troops were withdrawn, a thousand screaming, milling people battled the local police with such frenzy and near-hysteria that the lives of the Negro children were seriously endangered, to the point that the children had to be spirited out of the school and sent home. Governor Faubus started by using the National Guard to defy the Federal government; then the mob took over and gained control. The circle was complete. What choice did President Eisenhower have except to dispatch Federal troops? And Governor Faubus's conduct after the subsequent conference of the Southern governors with the President only confirms this judgment. He is indeed a man from whom "unequivocal assurances" are hard to get.

THERE ARE, of course, two issues involved in the Little Rock crisis. One President Eisenhower has dealt with, at least for the time being. That is the issue of law and order, involving peaceful compliance with the authority of Federal courts. The other is the issue of integration itself, and so far Mr. Eisenhower has not been very successful at exercising leadership on this. Yet his leadership is now needed more desperately than ever.

Integration will take time. There is no argument about that. The Supreme Court itself laid down the pattern when it talked about "all deliberate speed." But deliberate or not, it must proceed, with local courts and school boards picking the exact time. In his role as Chief Executive, it is essential that President Eisenhower play the role of teacher and mediator to prepare the way.

If he is to do this successfully, he will have to study the question more seriously than he has apparently done so far. He will have to learn that vague remarks about "legislating morality" only do harm. It is true, of course, that the law of the state is not directly concerned with men's motives, with "changing their hearts," as Mr. Eisenhower would say, although we do legislate against many things that are immoral, such as murder, or rape, or arson. But Negroes are not in fact asking for any law to change men's hearts. They want only the equal protection of the law to assure them of their rights as citizens. This is indeed proper stuff for legislation, and Mr. Eisenhower should realize it.

The President should, in addition, give this subject the priority it deserves. Despite the fact that the Supreme Court rendered its historic decision more than three years ago, Mr. Eisenhower has yet to make a comment on it that has not taken away with the one hand what it gave with the other. Despite repeated pleas that he do so, he has never organized any kind of commission or special conference under Presidential auspices to help prepare the South to carry out the orders of the Court. He received Governor Faubus, but he has yet to see the representatives of the Negro people to hear their side of the story.

In his years in the army and later in the White House, Mr. Eisenhower has earned a great reputation as a mediator. This reputation, we believe, was richly deserved. But now he must use his talents to deal with the problem symbolized by the situation at Little Rock, and he must do so soon, or defiance of the law and a spirit of violence will spread.

At this point, no man can see the road ahead. All one can say is that there is no possibility of turning back. And already there are some signs of hope. Civic and business leaders in Little Rock have begun to meet in search for a solution to the community's problem. Protestant leaders have organized special services, and a letter from Bishop Albert L. Fletcher was read in all Catholic churches in Little Rock, urging prayers that understanding and charity might replace rancor and prejudice. The moderates are beginning to be heard from, and there is a chance that peace may come to Little Rock sooner than people now expect, just as it did to violence-torn Clinton some months ago. But the voices of reason and moderation in Little Rock and all over the South need help and encouragement, and it is essential that they receive it from the President of the United States.

RUSSIA'S NEWEST SATELLITE

THE SUCCESSFUL launching of an earth satellite is such a giant step in man's conquest of the universe that we wish it were possible simply to hail the stupendous Soviet achievement for its scientific worth. The dazzling prospect it sets forth of further exploration of inter-planetary space, and eventually of the moon and other planets, would vastly extend certain of the limits of human knowledge. And the space voyages of the first satellite and its successors around their orbits will add considerably to man's knowledge about the earth itself.

But the scientific world's elation over the success of *Sputnik* has to be tempered by a recognition that this has been achieved at forced draft by a nation whose leaders are openly bent on the domination of the world. In this context, for example, is the disquieting thought that the ability to thrust this shiny man-made object so far out into space confirms recent Soviet claims as to the range of their intercontinental ballistic missiles. Furthermore, the data supplied by *Sputnik* and its impending successors will enable the Russians to plot the course of their ICBM's on the basis of greater knowledge of the densities of the atmosphere and of the true configuration of the earth. The threat to America's crowded cities has been greatly magnified from the viewpoint of both range and precision.

If general world reaction has to be a rather tempered one, there is special reason for outright concern here in the United States. It is not so much that the Russians got there first with a satellite; it is the strategic implications of their achievement which are so disturbing. Everyone is asking what American scientists and the "cream" of the German rocket experts have been doing. It is hardly reassuring that so many of the first official reactions tended to manifest little surprise and, if anything, to belittle the gap between Russian proficiencies and our own. To be sure, the artificial "moon" American scientists have been working on is to be equipped with a comparative profusion of instruments, but it should also be mentioned that the plan was to send our much lighter satellite only half as far out into space as *Sputnik*.

Blame for American inferiority in this matter falls directly on an Administration whose economies have held back technical research. The charge is justified, but the responsibility would be too greatly narrowed by any such political diagnosis. The demand for government economy is gen-

eral; although normally Republican, it is found among the adherents of both political parties. In fact, the American people as a whole must bear the onus for having lost a technical superiority that is of such vital importance for the defense of the free world.

On the other side of the world a group of eminent scientists have been accorded every facility by the Kremlin, regardless of the cost, while the people of this country have been exerting constant pressure upon our government to reduce expenditures (so that there would be less interference with the advance of business and enjoyment of the good things of life). We have been seeking to economize in order to cut taxes at the very moment Soviet Russia is producing its most powerful weapons and the means of delivering them. It is not too much to say that with the success of *Sputnik* we suddenly find ourselves in a different world—or to hope that this news has given us all such a jolt that the Administration will at long last embark on a research program commensurate with the needs of the hour.

KNOWLAND, KNIGHT AND NIXON

AS EVERYONE expected he would, Senator William F. Knowland recently declared himself a candidate in the 1958 contest for Governor of California. To make himself available, he will relinquish his Senatorial seat and with it his anomalous role as Administration leader in the Senate at the end of the next session of Congress. Most significantly, he makes his bid for the governorship of California and subsequently, there is no doubt, for the Republican Presidential nomination, on an avowedly right-wing, anti-Eisenhower platform.

Senator Knowland fought the good fight for the Administration's Civil Rights Bill in the last session of Congress, and he has strongly supported the Administration's implementation of the Supreme Court school integration decision of 1954. But, despite his formal role as Minority Leader, in practically every other key area the Senator has parted company with President Eisenhower and the principles of "moderate" Republicanism. Senator Knowland is a bitter critic of the acceptance by "modern" Republicans of social and economic ideas he labels "welfare state" and "socialistic." He is out of sympathy with the Administration's "New Deal-Fair Deal" foreign aid programs, and its failure to "unleash" Chiang Kai-shek and the

Chinese Nationalists for action against the Communists on the mainland.

This is the political position Senator Knowland is offering the voters of California, and the position he hopes will win a majority of the delegates to the Republican National Convention in 1960. What he has done is to declare war on "modern" Republicanism. If he succeeds, he may well split the Republican party as it was split in 1952, but this time he hopes to win over the convention in the name of Taft Republicanism and restore the G.O.P. to its "true" right-wing identity.

As the Senator threatens the future of Eisenhower Republicanism, he threatens too the future of its foremost standard-bearer, Vice President Richard M. Nixon. If Knowland wins in California in 1958, California's very important votes will be his at the party convention and not his fellow-Californian's. Without the votes of his own state it is unlikely that Vice President Nixon, or any candidate in his position, could win the nomination. It is possible, of course, that Senator Knowland will be defeated in California by the incumbent, Governor Knight, but whatever Governor Knight's plans for 1960, he can be expected to use his influence against his long-time enemy Richard Nixon.

Whatever happens, it looks like trouble ahead for the Republican party, and trouble ahead for candidate Nixon. The trouble may be inevitable for the party, although in politics nothing is sure, but we hesitate to count the Vice President out. Mr. Nixon is a formidable campaigner, as we have seen in the past, and we think he is still the contender to watch.

LABOR PARTY HOPES

OBSERVERS AT the Labor Party's Brighton conference were struck by the extent to which its leaders cast themselves as future ministers of the realm. The moderate Hugh Gaitskell, who conceives of himself as Britain's next Prime Minister, sought cooperation and unity all round so that Labor's appeal to the electorate would be of the widest. It is due to his influence, and that of the trade unions, that nationalization of industry is to be pretty largely restricted to a scheme whereby the government would buy a certain number of shares of stock in private industries rather than take them over outright.

Aneurin Bevan, long a stormy left-wing rival but now slated to be Foreign Minister in the

awaited Gaitskell cabinet, is vehement in his determination to avoid the holocaust of a war. This may stem from his meeting with Khrushchev during the summer. In any case his projected policy would have two main points: nuclear armament for Britain for adequate self-defense and prevention of an all-out H-bomb race between the U.S.S.R. and the United States; increasing contact and collaboration between the Western powers and Russia and China in the interests of human survival. If and when the Conservatives fall, the change, it seems, will hardly be drastic.

WRITERS BEHIND THE CURTAIN

THE IMPORTANCE of writers behind the Iron Curtain becomes increasingly apparent. At a time when force is yet regarded as a last resort but all too frequently invoked, when peace seems to rest precariously on a "balance of terror," when the free world can only watch and condemn as a Hungarian revolution is crushed, the function of the writer, particularly the artist, would seem to diminish. Yet within the satellite countries, and even Russia itself, evidence to the contrary multiplies.

Until recently Milovan Djilas was best known as a former vice-president of Yugoslavia and an increasingly outspoken critic of Tito. With the publication of his book *The New Class* he has attained new prominence, for the book is an analysis of Communism and a prediction of its end by an intellectually respected former Communist. That the repercussions of the book are extensive enough to upset Tito and his regime is evident from the fact that M. Djilas has received an additional term in prison for having published "propaganda hostile to Communism and the Yugoslav government."

From Hungary have come persistent reports of a "strike of silence" by Hungarian writers. And although the president of Hungary, Istvan Dobi, scorned suggestions that the country's writers had been forced to sign a condemnation of the United Nations' resolution on Hungary, the writers themselves will not be interviewed. If the "strike of silence" is coming to an end, as reports suggest, it may be that the writers have been forced to capitulate on certain important points. But a new literary magazine, *Kortars*, reveals that, even in these writers, the spirit of criticism has not been completely suppressed.

Even more clear and, not surprisingly, more

forceful, is the reaction of the writers of Czechoslovakia. They have bypassed debates with the Soviets on a theoretical level. Instead of indulging in controversy concerning the role of "counter-revolutionaries" or of "foreign interventionists" they have, quite simply, discarded the terminology of Russian debates. And to discount successfully the terms of an opponent is to win half of the intellectual debate.

Within Poland, the student riots have, of course, caused the government the most obvious difficulties. But the students, though acting as an independent group, have drawn much of their energy and direction from those writers who are critical of the Gomulka regime. In spite of official reprimand, neither students nor writers have yet settled into the comfortable niche the government would like to plan for them.

Several artistic works have caused concern and consternation within Russia. *Not by Bread Alone*, a novel by Vladimir Dudintsev, is only one of the latest, but it is important enough to have been singled out recently for strong criticism by Nikita Khrushchev himself.

The accomplishments and reactions of writers behind the Iron Curtain are quite varied, and some are of much more obvious importance than others. But all point to one conclusion that was well phrased by Vladislav Fikar, director of the Writers Publishing House in Czechoslovakia. "You can create an economic basis in a country," said M. Fikar. "Factories can be built. But if this is not accompanied by the same process of development in the minds of the people it can lead to tragedy." And the example he held up was that of Hungary, crushed in rebellion.

The criticism leveled by these writers against the various satellite regimes and against Communism itself is merely one among several indications that the "development in the minds of the people" is not what the Communist leaders would desire. As an indication, and no more, it should not be cited too readily in support of any theory concerning the possible changes that may take place in the Communist world. But neither should the criticism be slighted. What is initially a symptom may become transformed into a cause. And in different ways, many intelligent, articulate writers are making their views known and felt within Communist-controlled countries. Since these views are at variance with the party line, a kind of dialogue must ensue. A dialectic may operate here, but it can scarcely be that which the Communist leaders have envisioned.

Religious Journalism in America

Whatever final judgment is passed on the religious revival in this country, there has been, undeniably, a reassessment of religious values in American life. How effective has the religious press been in transmitting these values to the general community? The following three articles attempt to answer this question.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

by Donald McDonald

THE IMMEDIATE discernible impact of the Catholic Press on the general public is scattered, sporadic in its manifestations and not always of unmixed good in either its individual or aggregate effects.

A recent Catholic Hour broadcast on N.B.C. featured ten editors in the Catholic Press. Each of the editors was asked to tell what his publication had contributed to the general community. It was significant, I think, that the contributions of at least half the editors were of the negative kind. One editor had helped to prevent Sunday sales; another had helped prevent the showing of indecent films; another had helped prevent a private school tax-exemption from being defeated; another had helped prevent Communists from deceiving the American people.

Without questioning the merits of any of these accomplishments, I could not help thinking, as I listened to this nationwide broadcast, that the non-Catholic citizen must surely see the Church as something which forbids, prevents, takes away, diminishes and restricts. The picture of the Church as a great organic, constructive force in the history of man, as a basis and ally of his civilization and culture, was largely missing. And yet, I could not help also thinking that the image of the Church presented by some of the Catholic editors, though it was a lopsided image of the Church, was certainly an accurate picture of the bulk of our diocesan newspapers.

Some diocesan newspapers have exerted constructive impact on the general public, but since I do not have access to the files of these papers this impact cannot be measured accurately. In the case of my own newspaper, we know that, after we published several articles on the matter, local action was taken to care for some unfortunate Mexican families who had been dispos-

sessed of their shacks to make way for an industrial project. We also know that a Negro chiropodist (not a Catholic, incidentally) who was unsuccessful in his year-long attempts to rent available office-space, found that space when a Catholic businessman read of his problem in our newspaper. Millard Everett, editor of *Catholic Action of the South* in New Orleans, had a tremendous impact on the general community in his area when he wrote several trenchant editorials on race segregation and "right-to-work" legislation. Father Raymond Bosler, editor of the *Indiana Catholic and Record* in Indianapolis, has had similar impact on his community with vigorous editorials on "right-to-work" laws and other concrete issues.

I do not think the number of examples of such direct, constructive impact is reassuringly high.

There are also occasional examples where the Catholic Press' direct impact was not good. As an instance: in the last elections, one Catholic newspaper published the names of all political candidates who were Catholics. The apparent implication was that readers of that newspaper should, as "good" Catholics, vote for only Catholic candidates. Accordingly, some Protestant pamphleteers were encouraged to issue broadsides urging the election of only non-Catholic candidates. The situation got rather ugly some days before the actual election.

THE CATHOLIC magazines, so far as I can see, exert no great impact on the general American community. I base this statement partly on the frequency with which articles and editorials are reprinted, quoted or discussed in non-Catholic publications. We may dismiss most of the reprints which appear in the Congressional Record since the motivation in many cases is merely that of a Congressman anxious to please a constituent. For every significant Catholic Press editorial or article reprinted in the Record,

Mr. McDonald is one of the editors of the *Catholic Messenger*, diocesan paper of Davenport, Iowa.

there are ten of the type which commemorate the anniversary of a local church or historical personality.

A handful of Catholic magazines enjoy some influence among journalists and policy-makers outside of the Church. In a political gathering last fall, I mentioned to Senator Paul Douglas how much I enjoyed his article in *The Commonweal* on the forthcoming campaign issues. The Senator, in a voice loud enough to be heard in the rather large room, said: "I am not a Catholic, but I read both *The Commonweal* and *America*, and I think they are two of the finest magazines in America."

I find papers like the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* of New York, the *Register and Tribune* of Des Moines as well as magazines like *Time* frequently reprinting and quoting material from both of these weekly journals of opinion. The number of other Catholic magazines more or less regularly quoted by these secular organs is small indeed: *Jubilee*, *Worship*, *Books on Trial* (now *The Critic*)—that's about it.

I do not say that mere quotation or reprinting of material from these few Catholic magazines is equivalent to "impact" on the general community. I do say that such evidence indicates these few Catholic magazines are being carefully read by influential secular editors, political office-holders and others. And I doubt whether many other Catholic magazines are read by these people at all.

With respect to the scholarly Catholic periodicals, it is difficult indeed to measure impact on the non-Catholic scholar. I should say that there is a strong probability that non-Catholic theologians, philosophers and professors are acquainted with some of the Catholic publications like *Theological Studies*, *Modern Schoolman*, *Review of Politics*, *Thought*, *Theology Digest* and *New Scholasticism*, simply because the tone and climate of these publications is one of a disinterested search for and appreciation of truth. I know that many secular philosophers still think these periodicals are merely grinding a Thomistic ax inside an "enclosed system." But I also know that a secular reappraisal has been taking place in recent years and the reappraisal itself is evidence of the scholarly Catholic publication's impact on the community at large. As one conspicuous recent example, consider the liberal use Walter Lippmann made of an article from the *Review of Politics* in his book *The Public Philosophy*.

IN THE MATTER of indirect and remote impact on the general community, it would seem that little can be said with any degree of certainty. Something published today may have a delayed impact. That impact may never come to public light. The Catholic source of it may never be identified. The person or

persons affected may never realize that their thinking or actions owe something to an external influence of Catholic origin.

And yet, something relevant can be said, I think, if we look at the content and tone of the Catholic Press and ask: What effect is this *likely* to have on the general public? As I see it, this is a two-part question. (1) What effect is the Catholic Press likely to have on the non-Catholic reader who happens to come across it, or who is in constant proximity to it because he or she is married to a Catholic or is closely associated with a Catholic? (2) What effect is the Catholic Press likely to have on the general public *through* its Catholic readers?

The answer to both questions is the same and it is not comforting: the likely effect is a repelling one, for the reason that the Catholic Press, particularly the diocesan newspaper, has little or no sustained, constructive interest in matters which do not directly concern Catholics. There are exceptions, but these are very few.

I see more than forty-five diocesan newspapers every week and more than fifty Catholic magazines. The matter and form of the great majority of these publications are best typified by the now-familiar headline from one of them last year: "No Catholics Slain in Oklahoma Storm." Or by one equally as telling: "Suicide Was Not a Catholic." Or by a recent headline which, by its size and position on the front page, proclaimed the most important news story of the week: "Cardinal Will Fly across North Pole."

This opens up, of course, a very large question: What is the nature and function of the Catholic Press? I take it as unarguable that the Catholic Press must be primarily concerned with the welfare of the Catholic Church and with the spiritual and intellectual well-being of its Catholic readers. But even in this area of primary responsibility, can we say that the responsibility is being discharged by what can only be described as an unChristian attitude towards those not of the Catholic Faith? It is not that the Catholic Press is hostile to those not of the Faith; it is that it is radically unconcerned with them.

This is the "infantilism" and "group chauvinism" which Maurice Cardinal Feltin of Paris criticized three years ago. He was talking about the French Catholic press, but reading it here in America we experienced the "shock of recognition."

"What a restricted spirit of the 'church-steeple' mentality," said Cardinal Feltin. "What petty little accounts without importance or value! There is something missing to make one feel one is dealing with periodicals of our time. There is a tone and a style in the editorials and in the reporting which is really

not yet baptized, which is not Christian. Cultivated Catholics sometimes blush when they see their press so badly presented.

"Why is it that there is such maladjustment? Why a press so hard for honest people to read?

"The reason is simply that it lacks verve, it lacks universality. It is an instrument of cohesion and defense for a sect, within which each knows everyone and all comment on local news. The uninitiated reader does not feel at home amidst the news of an unassimilated and unassimilable clan, unless he makes superhuman efforts of good will."

I must quote one more passage from this address of the Archbishop of Paris because it expresses my own views on the matter so far as our American Catholic Press is concerned:

"Do not believe," said the Cardinal, "that good will and even interior sanctity suffice. . . . In order to expurgate this spirit of clannishness, in order to rise above what is disparagingly called 'the Catholic milieu'—that is to say, that spirit which is most opposed to Catholicism, namely the spirit of a society closed in upon itself in order jealously to preserve its privileges—in brief, to give to your press an apostolic character, a journalist must above all else be competent."

CERTAINLY the Catholic Press must be "Catholic." But Pope Pius XII, in an address to

Catholic book publishers a little over two years ago, remarked that "the term 'Catholic' excludes *per se* only sin and error, and it embraces, instead, the whole field of intelligence as well as all of life through time and space."

The Catholic Press, for the most part, has defined its function too narrowly. It excludes too much. Though in practice it cannot always and everywhere embrace "the whole field of intelligence," it must, if it is to bear the authentic apostolic mark of the Faith, manifest an abiding appreciation of intelligence, an appreciation which does not diminish when that intelligence is found in one not of the Faith.

I think it is too much to expect anything like a majority of Catholics to rise above the attitudes they find in their press, to take a constructive interest in the "whole field of intelligence" when that interest is neither visible nor encouraged in their press. I think it is too much to expect that "superhuman effort of good will" from what Cardinal Feltrin calls those "furtive or regular" non-Catholic readers of the Catholic Press.

In sum: the direct, immediate impact of the Catholic Press on the general public is scattered and sporadic and is probably as often unfortunate as beneficial in its effects. The indirect, remote and casual impact of the Catholic Press on the general public, with few exceptions, must be put down as negative.

THE JEWISH PRESS

by Arthur A. Cohen

THE JEWISH press is no more than a reasonably accurate reflection of the perplexities and confusions of the general American Jewish community. Strictly speaking, there is no Jewish press (if we omit from our purview the Yiddish press which, though still influential, is slipping steadily in importance as the process of acculturation proceeds). There are random weeklies, a number of monthlies, and a scattering of more serious and special monthlies, but a press which constitutes a coherent organ of Jewish opinion and belief does not exist.

The existence of a religious press presupposes the existence of a community. The community is defined not only by a common *eschaton*, but by immediate social and political concerns to which religious princi-

ples and casuistry may be fruitfully brought to bear. The press is not supinely dependent upon religion; rather it trusts in its promise and is concerned with indicating the creative role which religious principles can play in sifting out the truths and falsehoods of public life; indicating the bases upon which the moral conscience may justly act; and, where it possesses not only faith but courage, describing the legitimate and illegitimate intrusions of religion into public life.

These are its primary functions. The ultimate success of its activity is determined by the taste, interest, and reading habits of the community. Even ecclesiastically supported newspapers shut down if nobody cares to buy and read them. This is even more true where the newspaper or weekly is independent of institutional support, where it must survive on the merit of its own unfused virtues. The Commonweal is an example of

Mr. Cohen, director of Meridian Books, is the author of the forthcoming *Martin Buber and The Modern Jewish Mind*.

such in the Catholic press; *The Christian Century* in the Protestant; but comparable to either is only *The National Jewish Post*. *The National Jewish Post* is, however, vulgar and inept, without religious center or particularly articulate position on much of anything. Its pages are filled with Jewish "scandal" (who has affirmed or denied that he is Jewish; the origin of Jewish names; Jewish recipes; organizational fights; coverage of anti-Semitic outbursts). *The National Jewish Post* is a sectarian cock-fight. The results are often bloody, always titillating, and rarely important.

That the Jewish community cannot support a serious weekly of Jewish opinion, much less Jewish religious concern, reflects the agonized state of Jewish life in America. It is still not clear to enough Jews what being Jewish consists in. The American Jew prefers to keep his distance from a defining (and inescapably limiting) commitment. Ideas and doctrines are entertained and manipulated, all too rarely adopted and affirmed. Although the religious revival has affected Jewish life quite favorably, I doubt whether it would be possible to achieve sufficient doctrinal, ritual, or ideological consensus to provide a base on which a useful Jewish press could establish itself.

THE INABILITY of the Jewish religious community to achieve anything resembling the spiritual or intellectual discipline of its adherents has made the function of influencing or shaping public opinion both remote and suspect. If the Jewish religious world is unclear about what it expects of the community in its obligations to God, how much more unclear and tentative must be its thinking about the premises on which social or moral action is to be founded.

It is recognizably difficult to talk about natural law unless one has a natural theology. It is difficult to talk about moral obligations unless one can articulate the theological foundations on which such obligations are based. If one is to form a religious press, a system of theological assumption is indispensable. Such *minima* are presently lacking to the Jewish community. The result is that the Jewish press is noticeably circumspect and diffident in its application of Biblical and Rabbinic insight to the world of events. Its diffidence results both from the unsureness with which it approaches the "authority" of tradition as well as the fear of offending that vast and uninstructed body of Jewish opinion that constitutes its public.

Unfortunately the Rabbis of old made the error of speaking elliptically—in parable and metaphor. To quote the Rabbis in authority for a moral judgment on the problems of the day is to run the risk of a smile, rather than a searching of conscience. Judaism, though it has left the physical insulation of the ghetto behind,

has not yet fully shed its psychic cocoon. Though it enjoys considerable prestige, and even political influence, in American life, it does not willingly exercise its influence or articulate its prestige. Although Judaism is kept securely under wraps, the Jewish community is publicly proud and articulate on issues of Zionism and American-Jewish life. Secularism has a more recent and well-publicized history than does Jewish religion. It is easier, and less controversial, to be proud of the accomplishments and daring of the State of Israel than it is to advance the claims of Jewish religion.

We should not ignore in this connection, however, the bi-weekly magazine *The Reconstructionist*, published by The Society for the Advancement of Judaism. *The Reconstructionist* is a religious magazine—although its sponsors avow an amalgam of utilitarian Judaism, humanism, and naturalism. Its mobilizing concept is "the Jewish community"—a concept apparently fluid enough to embrace a variety of contradictory philosophical and religious tendencies. It is unique, however, in a number of significant and valuable ways: it is the only Jewish periodical which consistently turns its attention to issues of public morality and the impact of social dislocation upon patterns of Jewish religious life. *The Reconstructionist* is able to be unique because it is a dissenting voice in American-Jewish life—dissent meaning, in this case, merely to have an opinion that differs from the prevailing Jewish position of *nolle tangere*.

THE ASSORTED weeklies and monthlies that form the bulk of publication activity of the Jewish community are rather hard to sort out. They are part of the Jewish press; yet that distinguishing mark of the press—the editorial page—is to be found in only three of them (*The Congress Weekly*, *The Jewish Spectator*, and *The Jewish Frontier*). Of the three mentioned, only *The Jewish Frontier* is occasionally unpredictable, which is to say that the editors think from issue to issue, rediscovering the world with a pleasant degree of freshness and spontaneity. All of them, however, are sponsored by organizations of one kind or another. All are, quite consciously, instruments of education or public relations.

Whether religious or secular, there is at least agreement in Jewish life that Jews are worth preserving. The ideology of preservation is complex and multi-faceted. It will include minimalists—those who wish to protect the rights and liberties of Jews and, only incidentally, to reassure Jews that they have a long and well-justified history of "belonging" on the American scene. The March issue of *The ADL Bulletin*, published by the Anti-Defamation League, carried, for example, three major articles which bear out the double theme of the

minimalists: an article on the anti-Semitic activities of Rear Admiral John Crommelin, U. S. N. (retired); and two articles on the Irish Jews (in honor of Mayor Briscoe of Dublin) and the history of the Jews of Boston.

The "middleists" (to coin a useful word) form the bulk of the Jewish weekly and monthly press. They are exploratory educators, open to all and committed to none. *The Congress Weekly*, published by the American Jewish Congress, and *The National Jewish Monthly* are the most effective and well-distributed of the organizational magazines. Both have recently survived the jag of articles commemorating the tercentenary of the Jewish community in the United States.

The Congress Weekly is notable among Jewish weeklies for the frequently subtle and intelligent manner in which it introduces articles of considerable seriousness. It is not averse, as are most Jewish periodicals, to the so-called "think piece." It has published fine articles on Rashi, Maimonides, Jewish philosophy; it has actively supported Jewish religious-education and adult-education movements, and encouraged the observance of Jewish festivals and holidays. In addition, it has a strong and clearly thought out editorial position. To be sure it is an editorial position which arises from the narrow, non-ecumenical accesses of Jewish tradition—it will speak out primarily on those issues which, by implication, affect the life and situation of the Jews. As a result it is strongly against discrimination and segregation and strongly in favor of rigid Church-State separation. *The Congress Weekly* is the best representative of the organizational press.

THE MONTHLY magazine *Commentary* and the quarterly *Midstream* redress, in large measure, the imbalance of the Jewish press. Properly speaking, these magazines are not members of what might be called the press. *Commentary* is self-consciously a cultural organ. In each issue it republishes a statement of aims which makes clear that its primary objective is to demonstrate that a magazine edited by Jews and sponsored by a Jewish organization can make a meaningful contribution to general culture. Its three-fold concern is to "enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America." It does all this, it seems to me, without ever having found itself compelled to articulate a position of its own. This is the more remarkable since its editors, taken individually, are all writers of considerable personal conviction.

Commentary has no opinion except the validity of entertaining all opinion. It has a history of theological writers, for a long time of the "crisis theology" variety and now more dispassionately historical. Its treatment

of Jewish life in America is passionately sociological; its handling of literary themes reminiscent of the little magazines. In all, *Commentary* is an excellent magazine as long as one knows what one is reading, who writes it, and resigns oneself to the fact that there is little else.

This was even more true before *Midstream: A Quarterly Jewish Review* appeared in the fall of 1955. *Midstream* reflects an articulated concern—the rethinking of the foundations and nexus of Zionism, American-Jewish cultural life, and Judaism. It is more parochial than *Commentary*, but that is not a criticism. The strength of *Midstream* lies precisely in the extent to which it does not try to be a combined little magazine, *New Leader*, theological review, and *New Yorker*. One likes it for being the clear-cut Jewish magazine it is.

An examination of the state of the Jewish press admittedly shows it to be dismal. There is nothing to compare with the elaborate structure of the Catholic diocesan and lay press (although there is Golden's important *North Carolina Israelite*, a phenomenon in itself, being strongly desegregationist). There is nothing to compare with the myriad publications of the Protestant world. One cannot speak about the responsibilities of the Jewish press. To do so presupposes its existence. There is none. There are party organs, organizational antennae, educational media—but there is no press, properly speaking.

This unhappy report on the state of the Jewish press does not mean that one could not come into existence. The evidence that one is desperately needed was profoundly demonstrated by a long letter which Rabbi Dr. Simon Greenberg, of Jewish Theological Seminary, sent to the editor of *The Congress Weekly* on December 24, 1956. In this letter Rabbi Greenberg took note of the report published in the general press and included in an article in *The Congress Weekly* that the Chief Chaplain of the Army of Israel had presented a Torah scroll to the tank leading the march into the Sinai peninsula. Rabbi Greenberg wrote: "This . . . is well-nigh tantamount to blasphemy, for from all that was reported about the occasion, one would gather that the Torah was given to the tank crew very much in the spirit in which a mezuzah is worn nowadays around the neck as a charm. . . . Moreover, the Torah carried at the head of the battle line would indicate that it and God are completely identified with the purposes and acts of its bearers, an identification that may be prayed for but dare not be presumed." Dr. Greenberg added that he would have thought it more fitting had the Chaplain suggested that the Israeli column, entering Gaza, had carried "a banner with the prophetic passage from Isaiah which looks to the day when 'Israel will be one of a triumvirate with Egypt and Assyria' (which

can very well be amended to Syria) 'as a blessing in the land, whom the Lord of hosts has blessed saying: Blessed be My people Egypt, and Syria the works of My hands, and Israel My heritage.' "

The fact that the Jewish press did not speak out, that a Rabbi felt constrained to protest, is indication

that there is need for a press that will remind Israel and Judaism of God's insistence that she be "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." The want of a Jewish press reflects but the lack of Jewish thinking. As in all things Jewish, repentance (t'shuvah) means not a return, but a new beginning. All that is needed is a new beginning.

THE PROTESTANT PRESS

by Arthur J. Moore, Jr.

PERHAPS THE BEST beginning to any attempt to answer the question, "What effect does religious journalism have on the general community?" would be to give the honest answer, "Nobody knows." All periodical publishing is to a certain extent comparable to stuffing notes in a bottle and throwing it overboard in mid-ocean. We all hope that our respective bottles will be washed up on an inhabited shore, but we cannot be absolutely sure that such is the actual fact. To extend the figure somewhat further, in American Protestantism there is a whole flotilla of denominational vessels, each with its own multiplicity of bottle-tossers.

Truth to tell, the best indication of the influence of any given publication on the general community is its influence with its regular readers and the kind of readers it attracts. This seems too obvious to mention except that the general public is still bemused by the idea that size of circulation is *the* index of influence. It is *an* index but not necessarily even one of the more important indexes. Journals of opinion customarily wield influence out of all proportion to their actual circulation. *The Christian Century*, probably Protestantism's best-known journal of opinion, does not have anything like the circulation of many magazines scarcely known outside the sponsoring denomination. *Christianity and Crisis*, perhaps the *Century's* most influential competitor, has a comparatively tiny subscription list. Both of these periodicals are interdenominational and so depend even more than most publications on the sheer weight of argument to make their way.

The fact that there is no one journal of opinion in U.S. Protestantism with a position akin to that of *The Commonweal* in Roman Catholicism or (on a different basis) that of *Commentary* in the American Jewish (not Judaic) community is in itself revealing.

Mr. Moore is one of the editors of *World Outlook*, a monthly magazine published by the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church.

The Christian Century has most nearly filled this role but part of its supremacy has been the lack of effective competition.

Why has *The Christian Century* not been more generally influential? Partially this is because there is no single Protestant "tradition." No one magazine can speak (even as a "liberal" or as a "conservative") for the rainbow spectrum of diverse groups that constitute the "American Protestant community." There was a joke current in the armed services during World War II that any unwary Buddhist, Druid, or Moslem who was unlucky enough to get drafted would find himself labeled a Protestant on government records. There are times when Protestantism in the United States does seem that vague.

The Christian Century, then, speaks mainly for "liberal" Protestantism. Whatever one's final assessment of the tendencies so labeled, one conspicuous historical result was the softening of any clear-cut religious accent in the magazine. Liberal Protestantism aims to be of this world. One result has been that "liberal" religious pronouncements are frequently difficult to distinguish from secular humanistic pronouncements on the same subject. This is no judgment on the validity of such statements, particularly to a religious audience. It does mean, however, that their impact (as specifically religious) on the general community is lessened.

Coupled with this tendency is a paradoxical shift toward parochialism. As questions of doctrine are played down, questions of ecclesiastical organization and personalities move to the fore. It is this trend which accounts for the fact that *The Christian Century*, so devoted to the cause of the layman in church affairs, often reads as if it were a house organ for clergymen.

AWARENESS of these deficiencies in *The Christian Century*, together with disagreement with much

of its editorial tone (which inclines toward a sunny faith in human goodness and a deep, dark suspicion of "Rome") has led to a rise in influence of the bi-weekly, *Christianity and Crisis*, published at New York's Union Theological Seminary by a group headed by Reinhold Niebuhr and John C. Bennett. The most tangible asset of this publication is the reputation of its editors. It is severely limited by its small circulation and resulting lack of funds. Eight pages every other week does not allow extended discussion on a wide range of topics. This is even more apparent now that the journal is expanding its field (as is the *Century*) to include more theatrical and motion picture criticism.

A new journal, *Christianity Today*, has recently been established as a "right-wing *Christian Century*," espousing the "evangelical" or "orthodox" or "fundamentalist" (your terminology depends upon your theological position) point of view. Billy Graham's father-in-law is one of its editors. Already it seems clear, however, that while the magazine may find a place, it will hardly serve as any real center of influence to those not already committed to its angle of vision.

A somewhat different type of magazine but still widely influential is the *Christian Herald*. Independently published, this slick paper periodical utilizes the popular magazine approach. It carries fiction, popularly written non-fiction, and columns by personalities such as merchandiser J. C. Penney. The magazine's search for popularity has not prevented its taking strong stands. Dr. Daniel E. Poling, its clergyman editor, is a man of vigorous views on many subjects, which he expresses in signed editorials, book reviews, and answers to letters. The result of this combination of mass popular approach and strong personal expression is a thriving circulation of around four hundred thousand.

An old tradition in Protestant journalism is the independent denominational journal. These are journals of opinion, most frequently, but they aim to speak particularly to the tradition they represent. Good examples are *The Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist), *The Presbyterian Outlook*, and *The Churchman*. *The Churchman*, edited by Guy Emery Sipler, represents the Low Church wing within U.S. Episcopalianism and campaigns vigorously for politically ultra-liberal causes. (High Church partisans are ably represented by *The Living Church*, a weekly news magazine edited by Peter Day.) These denominational opinion journals are almost by definition small-circulation magazines and their existence is progressively more threatened in this day of high costs. They are invaluable, however, in contributing to discussion within Protestantism and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will survive and flourish.

The largest group of Protestant periodicals are those directly published by various denominational groups. Here the profusion is so great that one might hesitate before attempting to bring order out of the chaos. Included are slick, professional magazines such as *Presbyterian Life* and *Together*, whose circulations approach the one million mark. Also included are state and local papers which at worst are outmoded in appearance and whose content is often little more than parish gossip and announcements. Oddly enough, it may well be that these last publications wield most actual influence in a community.

For denominational periodicals, the very fact of their denominational sponsorship constitutes both their greatest strength with their readership and their greatest weakness with the general community. While guaranteeing a steady audience, such sponsorship tends to limit this audience to members of the particular denomination. Editorially, the peculiar "quasi-official" nature of the publication may serve to limit comment to issues officially endorsed or condemned by the denomination or to issues like sin and President Eisenhower about which there is no serious disagreement. The reverse of this caution is a diminution of influence in the general community. If a magazine is only echoing an official resolution, obviously those in the community who are interested will turn to the resolution itself. (And in American Protestantism, there is always a resolution to turn to.) Since resolutions usually express a general consensus of opinion, the editor is hardly doing much leading.

THIS CONSIDERATION of factors tending to decrease the influence of Protestant journalism may seem to be leading to the conclusion that such influence does not exist. Editors do sometimes come to this conclusion. Fortunately for themselves, they are wrong. These limiting factors only prove that the influence of religious journalism, particularly among Protestants, is pervasive rather than dramatic. (As a general rule, that is. There is always the possibility of dramatics—any Baptist editor who came out strongly for a U.S. ambassador to the Vatican would have a dramatic effect while he lasted.) The difficulty lies in estimating the strength of this pervasiveness.

This strength is more easily seen in isolation—that is, when the religious and secular press tend to part company. There are several prominent examples of this—support of the United Nations and support of foreign economic aid come easily to mind. Public opinion polls show both these ideas maintaining a solid bedrock of support among the American public despite heavy attacks by a number of supposedly influential newspapers and periodicals. While it would

certainly be foolhardy to claim undivided credit for this steadfastness for the religious press, these are issues on which church support has been constant and widespread and this support has been effectively communicated by the religious press. Still in a turmoil is the integration controversy in the South. Without being candidates for martyrdom, the Southern Protestant press is superior to the secular press on this matter. This is small praise. But church editors are seeking to exercise a cautious influence and they are uniquely situated to do so. Again, it seems to me that Protestant journalists generally had a better record on McCarthyism than the general press even before the J. B. Matthews article labeling Protestant clergymen as the most important "Communist front group." After that fiasco, Protestant criticism was naturally almost unanimous.

This, then, is the kind of issue on which the Protestant church press can exercise the most notable influence. Even in these areas, such influence tends to work over a period of time rather than make a sharp, dramatic impact. On other areas where church opinion is more nearly that of the general community, the in-

fluence of the church press is more incalculable. Difficulty of calculation should by no means be construed as lack of influence. It must not be forgotten that church periodicals are accepted in many areas with a respect that no secular journal can command.

It is in fact quite possible that Protestant journalists underestimate their own power. The fact that he speaks only to Lutherans or Episcopalians or Methodists or Baptists can easily lead an editor to a bewildered feeling that the tower of Babel has come round again and his voice can hardly be heard. The end result is a concentration on strictly intramural matters.

Viewed under another light, this Protestant multiplicity is a journalist's greatest asset. Dialogue is, after all, the soul of journalism, and dialogue requires both the community of understanding we share as Christians and the variety of speech we claim as Protestants. If Protestant editors would appropriate the opportunities for significant dialogue—with each other, with the entire Christian community, and with the world—which are available to them, they might be astonished at their influence on the general community.

CHANGE OR DIE

End of Baseball?

THOMAS F. CURLEY

ONE SUNDAY recently I was on a train trying to get out of Ohio. The club car was dry and, with one exception, the loafers were male. The lady was elegant and a good talker, conversant with recent crime, the calamities of travel, current books and politics; like the rest of us, she was parched and quite determined to stay up until we reached Buffalo, where refreshment was available. But about half an hour before arrival somebody asked how the Reds did that day. I mentioned a home run Stan Lopata hit in the ninth to beat them the day before and of being invited not to come back by an otherwise generous host when I cheered too loudly. One remark led to another until the lady, who had remained silent, gathering her cigarettes into her bag, said, "Good evening, gentlemen," and went to her berth.

There are, indeed, a few people not interested in baseball just as there are others (usually wives) who actively resent it. This can't be helped and, since the

minority is small and impotent, it may be complacently ignored. For most of us there is nothing like the game. It serves as a subject for heated arguments, for casual conversation between friends and as a means of getting acquainted with strangers. There is little doubt that baseball is, as it is reputed to be, *the* national game.

To answer the whys and the hows, one must first remember and imagine what he already knows: that the major leagues, which attract the headlines and the gossip, represent the apex of a pyramid the base of which is composed of millions of boys in vacant lots and playgrounds. Most American men remember easily those first days of spring when all but the most severe of teachers were not too harsh with daydreamers, and when the feel of a bat handle and the smell of oil on a baseball glove were promises of freedom.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote

The droghte of March hath perced to the roote.

The cruelest thing about April when you are young is that school still keeps after Easter. But not forever, and sometime in June boys are let loose on the good

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old summertime to swim and to fish, of course, but most often, as I remember, to play ball morning and afternoon, stripped to the waist and glad the sun was out. Memories will differ according to one's age and locale. James T. Farrell has written of his own youth in Chicago when it was hard to get eighteen boys together for a game and even harder to find an umpire. Not for us. Even before C.Y.O. leagues began, we had the Depression, which made available to us a number of older fellows who were out of school and out of work both. One of them would always ump a game for us and since he was older and bigger his authority was seldom questioned successfully.

SUCH EXPERIENCES, with minor variations, are nationwide and true of all age groups. Although Abner Doubleday is said to have invented baseball in 1839, the sport existed before then. But the precise origin is less important than the mythical quality, the aura of timelessness, that baseball has for the growing boy. He learns by doing and by listening—to his father, grandfather, uncles or older fellows in the neighborhood. He hears tall tales of the greats of the past. I remember one about how Ty Cobb used to go from first to third without touching second when he caught the umpire turning his back. The boys get the impression (the present tense may be optimistic) that baseball is not just kid stuff, like tag, but a grown-up sport, rich in honors and excitement, which a man could be proud to succeed at.

It would be a mistake to ignore or belittle such experiences. The child who is father to the man does not always, as e. e. cummings put it, up grow and down forget. And that is why the baseball fan is not merely a spectator, one who watches. In the first place he is usually partisan, that is to say, emotionally involved, for one team and against the other. This is true of all sports but only the baseball fan, I think, brings to his sport such a high degree of knowledge. He knows the game he is watching and his participation is knowledgeable as well as emotional. I don't mean merely a knowledge of batting averages and pitching records but a knowledge of what it feels like to play the game. The boy in the sand lot, at the base of the pyramid, has become the fan in the major or minor league stadium, at the pyramid's apex.

Baseball, then, is a large and significant part of our culture. How does it compare to other leisure time activities? In his *Notes on Mass Culture*, Irving Howe discriminates perceptively between the movie theater and the ball park:

"In the theatre one ceases, in a sense, to exist. . . . The movie house is a psychological cloakroom where one checks one's personality. But baseball, one of the few mass urban activities that seems to retain some

folk spontaneity, is different. The game is so paced that one usually has enough time to return to oneself, and the entire atmosphere of the ball park allows for some spontaneity: the audience argues, eats, shouts, participates as an independent group that is reacting to the events on the field. As a result, one encounters a kind of rough and pleasing wit in the ball park, as well as an easy-going camaraderie. The ball park, I find, is one of the few public places where one can converse uninhibitedly with total strangers."

If anything further need be said to make plain the superiority of baseball to the popular arts, it is sufficient to note the different ways success is achieved. In the popular arts, success is a derivative of one's personality or physical make-up. This "personality" may be the invention of a press agent or it may be more or less true to nature, but in both cases it has very little to do with the ability to act or sing. And a great deal of popular fiction and non-fiction is nothing but a pandering to the bad tastes and moral debilities of the "reading public."

There is almost nothing of this in baseball. True, some players have a greater box-office appeal than others but this appeal derives from their ability. The fans may enjoy getting Ted Williams spitting-mad, but once he stops hitting he can spit, smile or stand on his head for all the fans care. Like most other sports, baseball has norms independent of the tastes of the moment. No press agent has yet been found who can convince a crowd that a pop-up to the infield is a home run.

THE FACT THAT baseball pervades our present and our past and that, as a form of mass entertainment, it is intrinsically superior to all other forms, no doubt goes a long way towards explaining, if not justifying, the special privileges it has enjoyed in the Congress and in the Courts. Ever since 1922, baseball has been explicitly exempt from the regulations of the anti-trust laws. In 1953 the Supreme Court re-affirmed this exemption and in February of this year the Court refused to extend such exemption to professional football—not, however, without an implied warning. In an opinion written by Justice Clark, the Court said in part: "If this ruling is unrealistic, inconsistent or illogical, it is sufficient to answer, aside from the distinctions between the businesses, that were we considering the question of baseball for the first time upon a clean slate we would have no doubts."

The Court concluded that it was for the Congress, not the courts, to correct whatever errors might have been made. The Congress responded. Last spring a House Judiciary sub-committee, under the chairmanship of Representative Emmanuel Celler, began hearings on the subject of professional sports. Bills were introduced: one would remove baseball's exemption;

another would extend the exemption to football, basketball and hockey. In addition, the American Law Division of the Library of Congress concluded, after a study of the game, that baseball continues to be exempted from anti-trust laws in respect to reasonable agreements and practices restricting the employment of players. This is the crux of the matter. If baseball were placed, without qualification, under the anti-trust laws, the reserve clause would have to go. This clause "reserves" a player to the club with which he originally contracted until he is traded, sold or declared a free agent. The player may be traded or sold against his will and there is nothing he can do about it but quit baseball or work for the other club, which then owns him as the first club did.

The reserve clause is obnoxious. The only cogent defense it has is that without it organized baseball could not exist. If the owners maintained the present one-year contract, the players would be free, at the end of the year, to bargain with all of the clubs. Thus the richer clubs would soon monopolize all the best talent and competition would become a farce. If, in an attempt to keep the most promising players, the club owners signed longer-term contracts, the players would be deprived of the carrot of a raise, and the stick of a cut, in pay. Such an argument gains a good deal of its cogency from the virtual unanimity with which it is put forth. Almost everyone familiar with organized ball agrees that the argument is valid. When he appeared before the Celler Committee, Mr. Robert Feller proposed certain modifications of the clause, but his proposals were received with silence and scorn.

LET US SUPPOSE that the argument is valid, that without the reserve clause (there are other questionable practices, as well) baseball could not exist. What does that mean? I think it means that much of what I said just now, as well as what the promoters of baseball say every chance they get, is the product of an obsolete sentiment, a mere nostalgia for the good old days. For if baseball cannot change with the times, while retaining its identity, it shows, by its incapability, a lack of resilience, a brittleness.

On the surface such an inference seems to be unjustified. The amazing growth of the Little League is often cited in proof of baseball's continued vitality. The evidence is difficult to gauge, for we have also reason to suppose, thanks to recent studies directed by Eugene Gilbert, that between 1951 and 1956 interest in active sports has declined among young people. Progressing from the specific to the general we can notice the intense urbanization of American life (of which Suburbia is a by-product) and the descriptions of this life in such books as *Crestwood Heights* and *The Organization Man*. Can one imagine (to extend the list of books) the sons of John Marquand's *Charlie*

Grey or of Sloan Wilson's *Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* becoming big league ball players? I think not. When you peer behind the glamor of a World Series, you see that baseball is a tough game in which both nice guys and nasty guys are has-beens at forty. Not all of them can step from the playing field into jobs as coaches or scouts. Most of them either venture what savings they have in small businesses or they have been wise, and fortunate, enough to become capable in a trade other than baseball. The bright young man whose goals in life are status and security is not likely to make a career of baseball.

It may be less true of baseball than it is of boxing, but it is true, nonetheless, that the players, by and large, come from the lower and lower-middle classes. But with immigration cut off, with the once poor now less so, with broadening opportunities (one hopes) for the Negro, how is organized baseball to attract young men to its well-paid peonage? South of the border, as the song goes? Apart from the cynicism involved, such an answer only confirms the suspicion that baseball was, maybe still is, the national game, but that it is ceasing to be so.

Nobody is sure that this is true. Even among those who share the suspicion, there is an understandable inclination to keep a closed mouth, since what was once *the* game may survive for a number of years as *the* spectacle. Baseball could well become such a thing. With the advent of television to give every parlor viewer the illusion of a grand-stand seat; by a wiser allocation of franchises to make big league ball literally nationwide; by a skillful manipulation of a genuine sentiment: it could be done.

There is, however, another possibility. The Congress and the Courts could stop pampering organized baseball. The reserve clause could be abolished or radically modified; the players might be made free to bargain at the termination of their contract. Perhaps baseball would die, but perhaps not. If it did, the death would be natural and right; if it did not, the game would maintain in reality, and not merely in memory and sentiment, its right to supremacy among the sports and entertainments.



THE PRINCETON AFFAIR

PEOPLE ask, "What would you do if you were the president of Princeton with a Father Halton on your hands?" I answer by saying that I am very happy I am not the president of Princeton. But that is really ducking an issue, so let me say that I do not think I would have done what Dr. Goheen did, however well I understand his exasperation and that of the Princeton community.

In Dr. Goheen's favor, however, two things must be said. First, there are no academic rights involved in this case. Father Halton was not chosen for his post by Princeton authorities. He was appointed by a Bishop. Once he took the assignment, the University, as a gesture of friendship to the Church, granted him certain academic courtesies and privileges. Now Dr. Goheen, in retaliation for the abuse the priest has heaped on the University and the dissension his attacks have created on campus, has revoked these courtesies.

Second, Father Halton's reaction to Alger Hiss's being invited to speak on the Princeton campus is not the key issue in the case, however much some of the chaplain's defenders would like to put it in that light. There was bad blood between Father Halton and the University long before Hiss was asked by a student organization to speak there.

The chaplain has said that Princeton "excommunicated" him. In a sense he is right. But the word implies that some kind of community had existed, and it seems clear that Father Halton has never really considered himself part of the community or shared its idea of what a university should be.

Paradoxically, however, the idea of the university as it is held at Princeton should be broad enough to shelter dissent even against the idea itself. Therefore, in the belief that non-conformity at Princeton is held in such honor that even a Father Halton is tolerable, I would have done nothing to create the impression that the University had answered his charges with edict rather than with education.

If I were the president of Princeton I would have nothing to say about what Father Halton preached from the pulpit of the Catholic chapel, however outrageous it was. But I could not have escaped knowing what he said there. So I would have tipped my hat to Father Halton and invited Dr. Halton, of Harvard and Oxford, to cast his broadsides from a University podium where people can decently talk back.

Then I would have answered the Halton charges. If I thought him guilty of distortion, I would have nailed down the distortion then and there. If I thought he misunderstood the nature of the University I would have spelled out what the University stands for. If I

thought he had misused his role as chaplain, I would have specified how he had done so and stated what I thought the role of a campus chaplain is. I would have been at pains to avoid any impression that the University was running away from the fight Father Halton started. And I would have seen to it that he was given every opportunity for open combat.

In a word, I would have smothered him with privileges and tried to knock the stuffing out of him with argument.

Father Halton's followers might frame *their* question this way: "All right, smart guy, what would you do if you were a Father Halton, with a Princeton on your hands?"

I would have to answer that I know life at a place like Princeton is difficult for a man like Father Halton. A man who believes that he is in pursuit of an elusive Truth has no trouble getting along with another man who is chasing the Truth down another road. But one who believes that he *has* the Truth does find it hard to fit in. I do not think that the theological and philosophic certainty which the educated Catholic claims as his own endows him with infallibility. Yet such certainty does give him some assurance which can easily be mistaken for arrogance and which, it must be admitted, can easily predispose toward arrogance.

Father Gerald Vann, another Dominican, once wrote that it is not enough to have the Truth, the mode of its expression and defense is all-important. And, Father Vann added, one can transgress against the Truth not only by denying it but by vulgarizing it, by sentimentalizing it, and, especially, by wielding it like a club. I would add that if one wears the Truth as a halo, one has to be very sure that a halo is becoming to him—and this none of us is sure of.

So if you were to ask me what I would do if I hoped adequately to represent the Truth at Princeton, I am forced to say that I would probably never be ready for such an assignment. I am not prudent enough. I am not patient enough. I never will be.

The pure service of Truth, I suspect, is a much more soul-wearying and delicate task than Father Halton counted on. Perhaps, for all his training, he was not yet ready for the task. Certainly something went wrong. The Truth Father Halton loves is less loved—and seems less lovable—at Princeton now than it was when he came to its defense.

That is why when such a question is asked, I feel a pang of sympathy for Father Halton, a zealot who probably wanted nothing more than to make the Truth loved.

JOHN COGLEY.

THE SCREEN

PORTER'S PITTER PATTER

THE LITERARY DEVICE of telling the same story in several different versions colored by the various tellers works out so well in the movies that I'm surprised that producers haven't used it more often. In recent years its most successful and artistic application was in the Japanese film "Rashomon." Now Hollywood film-makers have put it in a musical, an unusual and very handsome affair called "Les Girls."

It opens in a London court where Taina Elg, as the wife of a Frenchman, has filed a libel suit against Kay Kendall, the wife of a titled Englishman. Taina insists that Kay's autobiography, which describes their activities as showgirls in Gene Kelly's act in 1949, slanders Taina by saying she attempted suicide because of a man. First we get Kay's flashback of what happened. "It was spring in Paris," as Kay's book begins, when Taina joined the troupe. Kay and her roommate (Mitzi Gaynor), the third girl in Gene's touring company, accepted Taina although they realized she was a gold digger making a play for Gene and had a French fiancé in another town. Since this

is a musical film, with music and lyrics by Cole Porter, from time to time we get samples of Kelly and les girls in action, including a lovely rehearsal session with Gene and Taina dancing among geometric figures made of string and later a bawdy burlesque number about "Ladies in Waiting." While this latter number was on the stage, Taina's shocked fiancé turned up in the audience and the flustered girl ruined the show. Gene was furious. Taina went home and turned on the gas. Thus runs Kay's version of what happened.

Then Taina takes the witness stand and starts her flashback: "It was spring in Paris" and Kay was an alcoholic hopelessly in love with Gene; so Taina and Mitzi asked Gene to pretend he cared for Kay—giving Kay and Gene a chance to do a pleasant little Porter patter number, "You're Just Too Too." When Kay's ardent English admirer arrived on this scene, it was despondent Kay who went home and turned on the gas. When Taina finishes her version, the third witness takes the stand—none other than Gene Kelly himself, former boss of les girls, who testifies, "It was spring in Paris" and he was so lonely surrounded by these beautiful girls. He was in love with Mitzi, who would have none of him unless he proposed marriage. This gives Gene a chance to sing "Why Am I So Gone About the Girl?" and Gene and Mitzi an opportunity to shine in an amusing ballet number that satirizes Marlon Brando in "The Wild One." Gene has a few things of his own to say about that mysteriously leaky gas jet.

Under George Cukor's direction, much of "Les Girls" is very amusing. Although some of the dialogue gets racier than is necessary, John Patrick has written a bright script, and the cast play it with style. And the film uses CinemaScope and MetroColor well. Obviously "Les Girls" is not for children, but it is something new and different in the line of musicals.

AN INTENSELY SERIOUS film which presents not three versions of the same story but three personalities in the same person is "The Three Faces of Eve." Starting treatments with a psychiatrist (Lee J. Cobb) because of her severe headaches and black-outs, Eve White, a drab Georgia housewife, seems to be making progress until suddenly she develops a split personality. At times she becomes Eve Black, a wild, irresponsible wench who turns to liquor and other men for excitement, extravagantly spends her husband's money, and even, in one instance, tries to strangle her little daughter. Her dull-witted husband (David Wayne) never quite understands the situation even after the doctor hospitalizes Eve and tries to explain her split personality. For a while Eve White is in control, but later Eve Black takes over and dominates. Eve divorces her husband but hurries back to

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the psychiatrist when Eve Black gets out of hand. Under hypnosis and long, continued treatment, a third personality emerges: plain, normal Jane, a rather likable young woman who starts going with a likable young man. But what about the two Eves who continue to pop up?

Produced, directed and written by Nunnally Johnson, "The Three Faces of Eve" is an absorbing movie and the cast is excellent, especially Joanne Woodward, a comparative newcomer, who gives a brilliant performance in a lead role that is a *tour de force*. At times the film is too explicit in portraying the evil side of Eve; and too often the whole thing becomes more like a case history (which it actually is, since the movie is adapted from a book by two doctors). Johnson would have done well to remember he was making a dramatic film and not a clinical study. Except for the scenes in which the psychiatrist and his associates act a little too surprised at Eve's revelations and the course of events, the treatments are displayed with remarkable realism. Furthermore, the film makes it clear that psychiatry is no over-night cure. Students of psychology will have a heyday at this well-made exploration of the multiple personality.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"HOW MANY DOCTORS?"

Tucson, Ariz.

TO the Editors: The article, "How Many Doctors?" by Lawrence Bloomgarden [Sept. 13], raises again the old hysterical cry of the socialists, "There is a great and growing doctor shortage in the United States, and this is forced upon the people of the United States by the American Medical Association in order to restrain trade." Men of Mr. Bloomgarden's ilk fail to realize that the total number of doctors residing at any one time in corporate or private practice in the United States is unimportant. An adequate measure of the medical facilities rendering care to the population of any community is not the total number of practicing physicians at any one time or in any one area but the general status of health of the people of that community or nation. American medical care and American health are the very finest to be found any place in the entire world; not only are they the factual best, but actually the theoretical best as well. The outstanding good health of the United States of America has been greatly helped by the interest and the aggressive action of the American Medical Association. Sensationalists like Mr. Bloomgarden want to open the door to socialization of America through

initial socialization of American medicine. It is an old cry, Mr. Bloomgarden, and we all recognize it. Sorry, Mr. Socialist, no sale!!!

F. A. SHALLENBERGER, JR., M. D.

Ojai, Calif.

TO the Editors: It's too bad that you didn't consult someone in the profession or someone in the medical educational field before publishing the recent article by Mr. Bloomgarden, "How Many Doctors?" [Sept. 13].

As a matter of fact, one doctor can take care of several hundred more people than the horse and buggy doctor could. One reason is just that: the auto has replaced the horse and buggy. Patients come to the doctor. In the old days one house call or delivery might take several days to accomplish. (Refer to any of the numerous reminiscences by old-time physicians.) Secondly, of course, modern drugs and techniques. Penicillin has made lobar pneumonia a rare disease. Surgical patients stay in the hospital a fraction of the time formerly spent.

As for the shortage of interns and residents. Many hospitals have found the house staff a source of cheap labor. It's very economical to have a \$25.00 to \$100.00 a month resident do all emergency laboratory work, take emergency x-rays and electrocardiograms. Institutions with policies like this get just what they deserve: non-English speaking, poorly trained physicians. The hospitals which are oriented toward furthering the training of the intern and resident—those connected with medical schools and with a large reservoir of clinical case material—have full rosters made up of the pick of the year's graduating classes.

Another factor not mentioned by Mr. Bloomgarden is the doctor-draft. Alien physicians were not subject to this. A good deal of the resident shortage is due to this law.

Mr. Bloomgarden made a common error when he equated the number of applications for entrance to medical school with the number of applicants. Each applicant makes several applications, as any physician could have told him.

The problem facing medical educators is just the reverse: a shortage of qualified applicants. The problem is so acute that Johns Hopkins has revised its program with a view to attracting more and better students. "The demanding period of training, with its inevitable economic strain, has become so long that it is beginning to discourage candidates from entering the field of medicine," says W. Barry Wood, vice president of Johns Hopkins medical institutions.

Are doctors overworked? Recent studies show their life expectancy no different from others of the same economic and social strata: lawyers, accountants, executives. Here in California a recent survey shows

the great majority of general practitioners see from twenty to thirty patients daily. Indeed, one might ask Mr. Bloomgarden, "Since when did work hurt anyone?"

J. L. KIRCH, M. D.

REPLY

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: Dr. Kirch and Dr. Shallenberger believe that we have an adequate supply of physicians. Any interpretation of the adequacy or inadequacy depends upon the standard of care which is applied. It is in the interest of our nation's health that we obtain the highest possible standard. If the nation as a whole were to have the number of physicians in proportion to the population that exists in the New England region, we would require 50,000 more physicians than we now have.

There is no way in which the current supply of physicians can be increased by the 25% figure required to bring the ratio of the country as a whole to that of New England. I pointed out in my article that 10,000 foreign physicians have been licensed in this country in recent years, and this addition has helped bring the supply closer to the actual demand. The major problem confronting us, however, is the future need for more physicians, for which no plans have been devised. In order to remain where we are in the proportion of physicians to the population, we will need to obtain facilities to graduate 2,000 doctors more each year than we now do. This, I think, is the critical problem that we face.

Dr. Kirch writes that there is a shortage of qualified applicants. If this is correct, then the shortage of facilities for training doctors is not the major problem. Actually, there are now two qualified applicants for

every place available in American medical schools. These are applicants—not applications—since each applicant files a number of applications. There are about 15,000 applicants who file a total of about 50,000 applications, for 7,500 places in American medical schools. In one respect, however, Dr. Kirch is correct. The ratio of applicants to places from 1948 to 1951 was about three to one. Prior to that, over a stretch of fifteen years, the ratio of applicants to places was less than two to one. The decrease to the current ratio since 1951 is simply due to the fact that the pool of college graduates which supplies medical school applicants shrunk from 430,000 in 1950 to 272,000 in 1955 as former servicemen completed their education. However, the percentage of these graduates applying to medical schools has risen from 5.15% in 1950 to 5.50% in 1955. Thus a higher percentage of eligibles now apply to medical schools, indicating there is no diminution of interest. The number of eligibles is now increasing each year as the rate of college attendance and the size of the college-age population mount. The *Journal of Medical Education* points out that on this basis, by 1965, there may be as many as 33,000 applicants. The ratio of applicants to available places would then rise to a four to one proportion, in the absence of the creation of a very substantial number of additional facilities.

Subsequent to the publication of my article, the American Medical Association released a report confirming the above observations. This report states: ". . . there appears to be general agreement in the basic phenomena of population growth and larger college enrollment which inevitably will result in expansion of demand for medical service and for medical education. . . ."

LAWRENCE BLOOMGARDEN.

BOOKS

Vehicle for Excursion into Voltairean Irony

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER. By Roger Peyrefitte. Translated by Edward Hyams. Criterion. \$4.50.

By JOHN F. SULLIVAN

THE RECEPTION by American reviewers of Roger Peyrefitte's *The Keys of St. Peter*, when it appeared in English translation earlier this year, was of that variety usually described as "mixed." And "mixed" seems still the best verdict that can be rendered on this book. Under ordinary circumstances, since the book has not become a promi-

ent best-seller or the subject of widespread American discussion, it might seem best to say no more about it. But the circumstances are not ordinary.

Only very superficially a novel, *The Keys of St. Peter* uses a thin story line—concerning the adventures of a young French seminarist in the household of a Roman cardinal—as a vehicle for excursions into rather Voltairean irony on the subject of the administration and other activities of the Catholic Church. In view of the book's sensational

career in Europe, if for no other reason, it would seem that American Catholics ought to be interested in it.

M. Peyrefitte's precise motives are not easily discernible. The European sale of the book suggests that it has been regarded as something of an anti-clerical broadside. Certainly, one sort of reader might find a scandalous fascination in the liaison into which the young seminarist tumbles with the niece of the Cardinal's chaplain. But this is so subordinate and artificial an element

that it can hardly be taken seriously by the normal reader.

To judge from M. Peyrefitte's tactics in earlier novels about the French diplomatic corps, it may be suspected that his motives are really no more subtle than those of the operators of magazines like *Confidential*. Much of the content of this book is undoubtedly typical Roman gossip, displaying the same proportion of fiction to fact that is likely to characterize the gossip floating about any great administrative center, and the value of disseminating it on a large scale is surely questionable.

Many American Catholics, if the book were to fall into their hands, would undoubtedly react with shock and violent indignation. Curiously, M. Peyrefitte, seemingly aware that his "disclosures" will be so received, has supplied in the book itself the appropriate response. We are constantly reminded, in the midst of the most grotesque yarns about relics or clerical shenanigans, that the supreme ability of the Church to transcend—even to turn to account—such defamation is but warrant that she enjoys divine protection.

The real concern of American Catholics should not be for these highly-spiced fables (some of which, it must be admitted, are exceedingly funny). But what the book may well give us, though it was probably not intended by the author, is a disturbing glimpse of a Catholic attitude not widely—if at all—experienced in America.

Cardinal Belloro, the book's true hero, almost the only character presented by the author with complete sympathy, is, I am sure, quite real, in the sense that he stands for some segment of European Catholicism.

He is a reactionary of a very different kind from the American reactionary Catholic.

We usually think of the illiberal American Catholic as a representative of the upper middle-class, a supporter of the Legion of Decency as staunchly as of the American Legion, a pious enough pillar of the parish who prefers to keep his mind closed to the social and economic teachings of the Church. (Ob-

viously, this portrait is of a stereotype not confined to Catholics; the special aggravation of this type to "liberal" Catholics is that, being Catholic, he ought not to fit such a pattern.)

For this type of Catholic, however, Cardinal Belloro would feel no attraction. He would, indeed, be far more sympathetic to the "liberal" Catholic, in so far as he was also an intellectual. For Cardinal Belloro represents the "aristocratic" Catholic—a type little or not at all to be found in America. (Some very social ladies are superficially like him, but he would appreciate the difference.) What the "aristocratic" Catholic cannot stomach is the "vulgarization" of religion, especially in its administration.

The key, in fact, to Cardinal Belloro's attitude (and, I think, that of the author) is a distaste for Pope Pius XII, a distaste which is extended to the saint elevated by him, Pius X. They represent, for Cardi-

nal Belloro, the irrational, the emotional, the ill-bred. He finds disgusting their willingness to make a public spectacle of ardor, and he deplores their willingness to modify encrusted ceremony. Cardinal Belloro's contrary attitude is epitomized by the fact that though he wore a hair shirt, he desired to seem most solicitous about his raiment.

How significant this attitude may be, how much attention it deserves from American Catholics, I do not know. It cannot be numerically extensive, but M. Peyrefitte's book may suggest that it has some strength in European life. It is, of course, deplorable, in the same sense that any Pharisaism is deplorable—whether it is found in middle-class Catholics, "liberal" Catholics, or elsewhere—because it rejects "the others." The ultimate presumption of what I have called the "aristocratic" Catholic is that salvation itself should be an honor set apart for the well-bred.

Warm and Active Appreciation

TALENTS AND GENIUSES: THE PLEASURES OF APPRECIATION. By Gilbert Highet. Oxford. \$5.

By ANTHONY J. DE FILIPPS

GILBERT HIGHET has already published two books of essays based on his radio talks; he now offers a third which he prefaces by saying that he hopes it will not disappoint the many friendly readers and listeners who enjoyed the others. It won't. For here is the same formula, tried-and-true, sure-fire: short, popular essays on subjects ranging (as the dust jacket, ignoring Aubrey, tells us) from Bach to Zen Buddhism. Between Aubrey and Zen Buddhism there are Bruegel, Collette, Corvo, Fabre, Huysmans, Ives, Jefferson, Munthe, Picasso, and Socrates. Moreover, there are other essays: on Hollywood's relaxed idea of history; how it feels to have a book published; to be married to a famous author (in this case Helen MacInnes); to be an American citizen. What more can you ask?

Mr. Highet obviously covers a lot of territory—not, need it be said, with any great profundity or, for that matter, passion to set the critics right. These are simply short essays which seem to satisfy the universal desire of men to know without any great drudgery, to be acquainted with those works easier discussed than read, or with authors whose lives are more interesting than their works.

Aquinas tells us that the first purpose of the teacher is to inspire the pupil to want to learn, and then so to provide the pupil with subject matter and guidance that the pupil may, on his own, proceed to the discovery of truth. How well Mr. Highet knows this principle is best exemplified by the very first line of the first essay (on birds): "If you cultivate the sense of wonder, you can find beauty in every living thing . . ." How well he succeeds in transmitting the principle is proved by the continuous popularity of his broadcasts and books. For, in this case as in the teacher's,

the proof is in the attention the pupil gives.

Still there is a reservation on my part and it is one which Mr. Highet as a successful teacher must surely recognize. The personal charm of the author and the manner of presentation are so great that the reader will often tend to read these essays not for the author's purpose—which is to lead to discovery—but merely to be in his presence. The result will be that self-delusion and satisfaction typified by the popularity of those spiritual placebos which promise all sorts of comfort and safe opinions without work. Reading Mr. Highet's entertaining remarks about Aubrey is no substitute for Aubrey's delightful work; yet it can give enough superficial knowledge to carry the reader through the glib generalities of a cocktail party. It is to Mr. Highet's credit that he does not pretend to any great depth. The caveat is, therefore, to the reader, who should realize that the book is an intellectual wayside inn which offers diversion, but only to prepare him for the journey.

To Mr. Highet's credit it should be said that he is one of the few popularizers who show a warm and active love for their subjects. Indeed, one would be hard-pressed to name five present-day writers of his interest and charm. And, in the final analysis, it may well be this quality which will be the most instructive.

Finally, if there be any doubt as to the validity of such writing, the author, in defending his own partiality for people such as Aubrey, writes, "I love them, because their

work gives me a special kind of pleasure, because they are individuals and not types, and perhaps because they do not try too hard to be great."

Intrepid Explorer

THE MAN WHO PRESUMED. By Byron Farwell. Holt. \$5.

By JOHN CURNOS

WHEN Henry Stanley succeeded in his mission in Africa of finding Livingstone and made his now famous remark, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" he could scarcely have expected that some future biographer would reduce his greeting to the genre of a wisecrack. What indeed is the proper greeting under such circumstances? As far as we know Stanley "presumed," in the sense used in the title, only once in his life. Presuming was not with him a continuing function. Mr. Farwell himself, in his Preface, admits that the finding of Livingstone "was neither the first, the last, nor the greatest of the series of amazing exploits that made up his life."

Aside from the title, however, Mr. Farwell has done a splendid job. He has written a biography, which is nearly always interesting and at times wildly exciting. This, in no small degree, may be due to the wealth and variety of material at the author's disposal. The meeting with Livingstone was indeed but a minor episode compared with Stanley's adventures and ordeals encountered in the task he had un-

dertaken, that of opening up the continent of Africa—the darkest part of it—to white men; yes, and opening the way for the white man's exploitation.

Cecil Rhodes' role as an empire-builder in Africa was a picnic compared with the original labors of Stanley, whose treks through the Congo and elsewhere in Central Africa where no white man had trod before are epics of their kind. Testing the endurance of himself and his men, and leaving behind, in every instance, trails of corpses, and bringing back very few survivors, mostly Zanzibaris, he retained favorite and most devoted followers. He had an uncanny gift, that of persuading men, often against their better judgment, to complete their expeditionary tasks in the face of great danger and greater privation. He had veterans under him who had faithfully served Burton, Speke, Grant and Livingstone, yet even these succumbed to fever, dysentery, and other ailments.

On one occasion, in the explorations in the neighborhood of Lake Nyanza, his men had not eaten for three full days. They were finally able by foraging to prepare a feast of bananas, ducks, berries and coffee, and Stanley, in later days, was to describe the event as "one of the most delicious evenings I ever remember to have passed." Since leaving Zanzibar Stanley had lost sixty-three pounds, and three subsequent attacks of fever reduced his weight to a mere hundred and eight pounds. But there was terrific drive in him; he drove others, and did not spare himself.

There were battles with cannibals; fearful-looking young warriors, grotesquely attired in skins of wild animals, and adorned with feathers, repeatedly assailed the expedition as they massed for the attack with cries of "Meat! Meat!" Stanley personally fought off "a fat-bodied wretch in a canoe," who was within spear-throw of him. There were over thirty such battles on the Congo, usually against superior numbers. "Although in the forefront of every battle, not an arrow, spear, dart, or discharge of musket touched Stanley." He led



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EDWARD S. SKILLIN, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1957.

Vincent J. Moses, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1958.)

a charmed, if not exactly charming, life.

Central Africa was opened to Europe, and the big powers scrambled to map out their "spheres of influence." Stanley carried out still a third expedition, and was the main agent in founding the Congo Free State. The awakening of Africa was one of his greatest achievements. In a geographical sense, he had finished the work begun by Livingstone. Only with him did the map of Africa become reality.

The oddest part of it is that it had all been due to his accidental appointment by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the New York *Herald*, as an explorer-correspondent who was to find Livingstone, no matter at what financial cost. It gave rise to the witticism, "There is but one *Herald* and Stanley is its profit." Many doubted that Stanley had found Livingstone, and the *Herald's* rival, Charles A. Dana's *Sun*, actually started a campaign to prove the story of the discovery "a monstrous sell, only equalled by the great moon hoax of several years ago."

There have been many stories of men who have risen "from rags to riches," and the story of Stanley is literally the story of an abandoned waif in an English poorhouse who gradually rose to world eminence. The beginning chapter of his origins, his illegitimacy, his passing from relative to relative only to land in the poorhouse under a cruel master, against whom in the end he rebelled, making his escape after beating up the sadist, reads like a chapter out of Dickens. And if his end is not one from Horatio Alger, it is closer to such an end than life usually offers.

REVIEWERS

John F. Sullivan, a regular contributor to *The Commonweal*, is a member of the English department of the University of Detroit.

Anthony J. De Filipps makes his first appearance in *The Commonweal* with this review.

John Cournos is a noted anthologist and critic of Americana.

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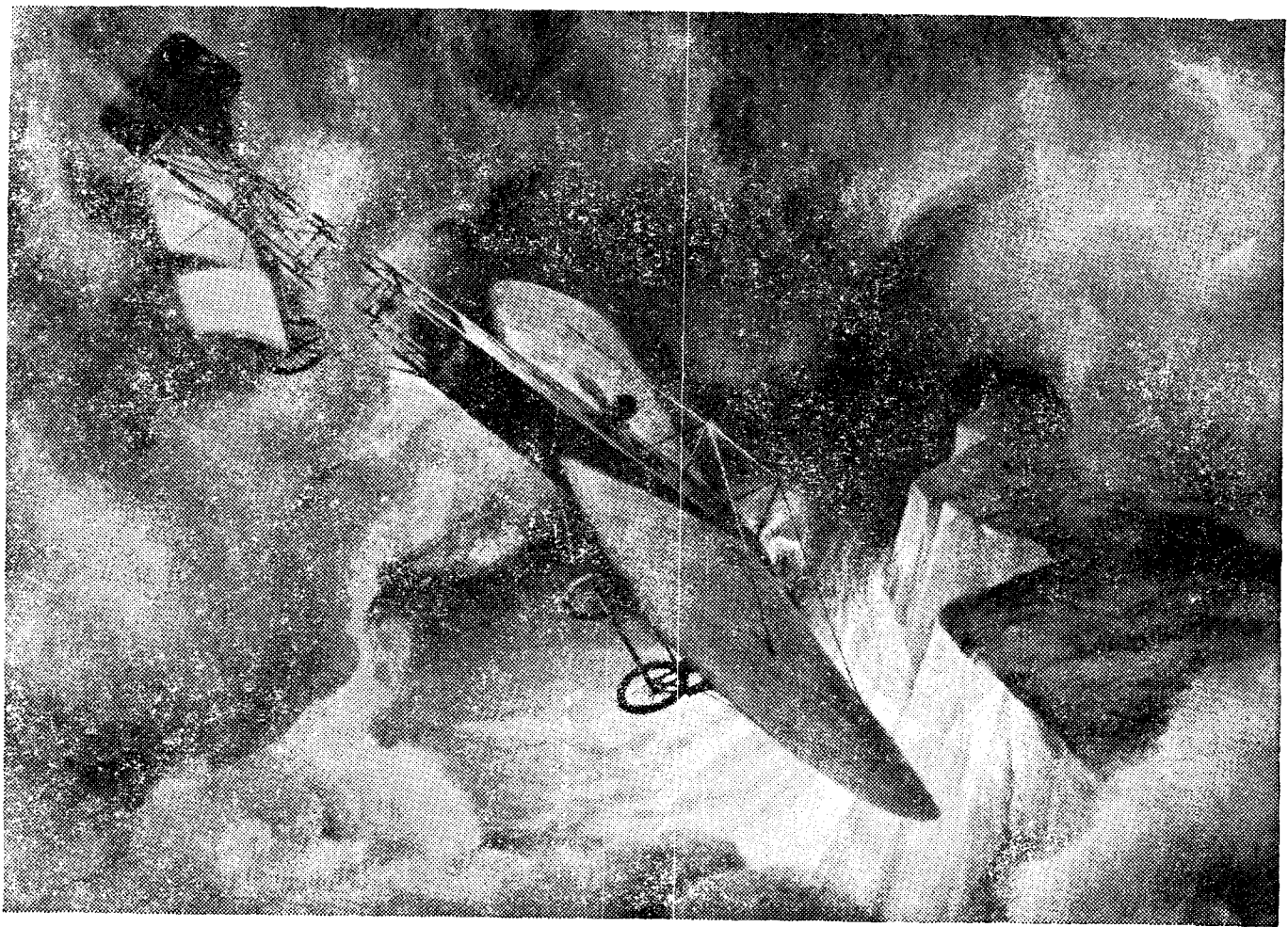
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A few minutes out of Dover, fog wrapped the flimsy Bleriot monoplane like a shroud.

The pretty young woman in the smart flying costume (she'd designed it herself—"bloomers, blouse, and hood of mauve satin") glanced at her compass. It was the first time she'd ever used one. She thought of instructor Hamel's parting words:

"Be sure to keep on course, Miss Quimby, for if you get five miles out of the way, you'll be over the North Sea, and you know what that means."

She climbed to 6,000 feet. Freezing cold and still fog. She pointed her nose down. The comforting clatter of the Gnome engine changed to a coughing splutter. It was conking out! She leveled off, figuring how she'd ditch.

To her relief, the engine suddenly took hold. Harriet re-checked her compass.

Some time later, breaking into clear sky, she saw a stretch of beach below. She put down at Hardelot; and on April 16, 1912, Harriet Quimby, first American woman to earn a pilot's license, became the first woman in the world to fly the English Channel.

As charming as she was brave, Harriet Quimby combined the thorough femininity and the self-confident ability which make American women like no others on earth. And help make this country so strong in character

that investing in America is the wisest thing any American can do!

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